

ACME

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ROLLING STONE

The Great 'Compatible' Stereo Fraud:
How Two Good Mono's Make One Bad Stereo

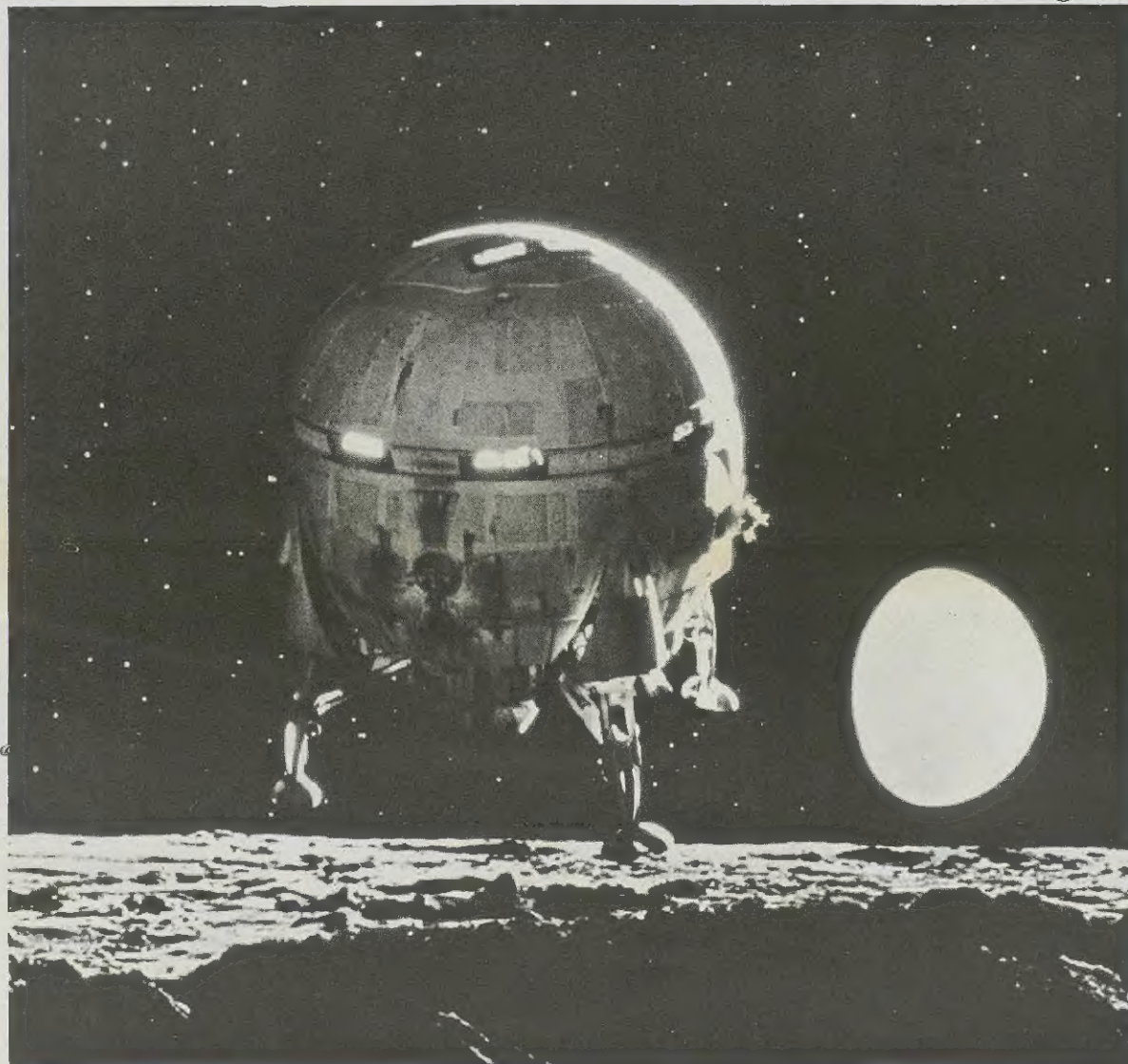


BARON WOLMAN

TINY TIM

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

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INDUSTRY'S ALL-STEREO PUSH PUTS THE NEEDLE IN CONSUMER INSTEAD OF INBETWEEN THE GROOVES

BY BOB McCLAY

The frantic rush of the record industry to eliminate monophonic records and become an all-stereo business is paying off today in poor product, disregard for standards of fidelity, and a general decline in quality of reproduction. The industry may serve millions by dropping monaural lines, but the consumer is suffering the price.

What has happened is that in order to handle only one line of records (rather than two lines, stereo and mono) some companies are pressing all product with the so-called

"compatible stereo" process, claiming these records can be played on both monaural and stereophonic equipment. Additionally, many companies are taking their old monaural records (and in some cases these are very recent records by English artists who often times did not make stereo records) and re-issuing them as "electronically re-processed stereo" or "enhanced stereo."

But the physical facts of reproduction are these: "Compatible" stereo is inferior in reproduction to true stereo and it is also inferior to true monaural. "Compatible" is a bad compromise to save a lot of money.

"Electronically re-processed" stereo is in almost every case inferior in fidelity and reproduction to the original monaural versions. There seems to be little that can be done.

But the industry wants to phase out mono. The last six months have been witness to wholesale dumpings on the market of mono stock of all artists and whole catalogues. The companies are selling the records off cheaply and rapidly. This is why so many stores are now offering huge mono inventories at prices like \$1.79 per disc.

The advantage of having no mono is primarily in terms of cost and

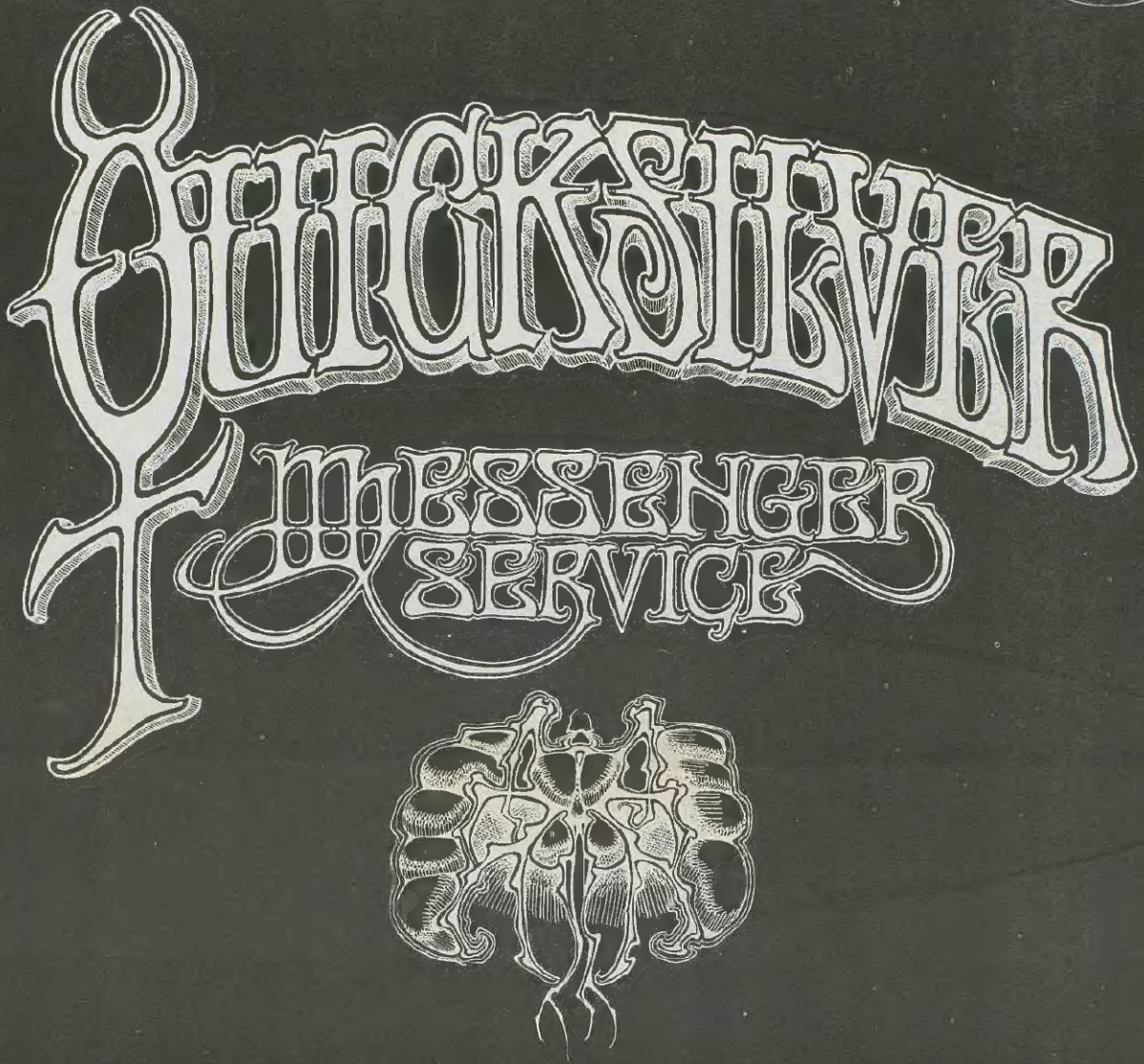
trouble. In the first place, it takes longer to mix down a monophonic tape than a stereo one, say \$500 in studio and engineering time. Secondly, you must have two masters and press two different versions of each release. Then you have the need for different record jackets and cover art, one saying "mono" and one saying "stereo." This is only part of it; two lines for one product means double work in inventory control, bookkeeping, price structures, catalogues, shipping, and all the other complexities of merchandising.

All-stereo has infinite advantages.

—Continued on Page 4

STEREO

Playable on Stereo & Mono Hi-Fi Systems



delivers!



Pictured above are Simone and Marijke, the clothesmakers of Apple Fashions. (We'll put any picture in this space, send us one and we may use it, but we can not return it.)

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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

Your issue of May 25th contained an article on the "exit" of Al Kooper from Blood, Sweat and Tears. I am sorry you never really had the opportunity to speak to anyone else in the group before and, more importantly, after the split-up. This has resulted in some basic misconceptions of the group that you, and even Al Kooper, are unaware of.

It is, indeed, sad for Al to talk of "personality games," when this article is only an obvious extension of these very games. The rest of the guys in the band (under the fine leadership of Fred Lipsius) were never out to hustle for themselves. We felt that playing music together was most important, and we hope that will speak for itself in the future. I believe your magazine will be quite happily surprised at the result.

STEVE KATZ
BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS
NEW YORK CITY

SIRS:

Super job on the Los Angeles Scene. Shame about some small factual errors and some photo choices, but otherwise really fine. It should provoke high-level re-evaluations.

BILLY JAMES
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

It's not enough to play music, now you have to explain why you do what you do.

You also have to be bawled out by a writer who says you're trying to imitate somebody else. You then have to be defended by another dude who keeps saying shit through the whole piece.

Critics and reviewers we need like the proverbial hole in the head. But in a selling system I guess we need salesmen, funny clothes, colorful language, inside controversies, all

kinds of contrivances, agents, etc., etc., to market the product and it becomes a whole mad thing.

I really don't understand half of what's said in the articles. I don't know what the hell the musicians are saying. All I know, I like the music or I don't.

Is it really any different with anybody else? Maybe the whole thing is a shuck.

ELBERT MARA
HAYWARD, CALIF.

SIRS:

Nick Gravenites' and Ron Barnett's remarks regarding Ralph Gleason as a music critic were certainly long overdue. His recent critique of the Beatles' *Magical Mystery Tour* makes one wonder if he isn't already enjoying his second childhood. This mediocre effort, which he calls "one of the most delightful films I've ever seen," was, at best, an expensive Home Movie. I am by no means belittling their musicianship. On the contrary, I think they are the greatest. A good musician, however, does not necessarily make a good film maker. This was certainly demonstrated at the recent benefit for the striking KMPX crew.

It is my belief that a music critic should have a fundamental knowledge of music. If Mr. Gleason has one, he has done an admirable job of concealing it. I also find his habit of "adopting" a rising group and then basking in their success somewhat distasteful. A case in point is Jefferson Airplane. I have, in the past, attended concerts at which this group played very poorly. Mr. Gleason's write-up, however, would have us believe that they never sounded better.

Let us hope that, in the future, Mr. Gleason will limit himself to discussing matters about which he is knowledgeable.

SIDNEY MEHLSCHMIDT
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

Arthur Schmidt, in ROLLING STONE, May 25, has missed the real significance of Simon and Garfunkel's *Bookends*.

First: Schmidt writes, "It is hard sometimes, to find out who is putting whom on. Someone has succeeded." Wrong. Nobody is putting anybody on. Simon and Garfunkel are nearly the only group around who are not on an ego trip, and who never cop out. You may not like their stuff, but they are never less than totally honest in doing it.

Second: *Bookends* is a coherent statement about the ages of man, and the relationships between them. There are songs about the joy of being young ("Punky's Dilemma"; "At the Zoo" — and if they are "too cute" then so is Dylan's "I Shall Be Free"), and the anxieties of middle age ("Save the Life of My Child"; "Mrs. Robinson"; "Fakin' It"). There is only one song about old age, "Old Friends," but the sound collage of the voices of old people who remember their youth joins the extremes of the life cycle.

The point is that Paul Simon is no longer writing for, or about, the young. As a mature poet, he is concerned with a wide range of human experience, and has more in common with Robert Browning and T. S. Eliot than with, say, Phil Spector.

JAMES M. CURTIS
BERKELEY, CALIF.

SIRS:

You got a fantastic paper going here. I didn't believe it was possible that U. S. would produce something so interesting, fresh and witty, and completely without the mumbo jumbo and goody-goody stories of the fanmagazine type press.

I've been writing about pop music since 1959 in Sweden's second biggest daily morning paper, *The Gothen-*

burg Post, and I've never seen anything like ROLLING STONE before. Congratulations!

Yours sincerely, new subscriber
HANS SIDEN
GOETEBORG, SWEDEN

SIRS:

New York was hard a year ago. Me and my old lady were "taken off" of our possessions. The Provos got busted next door in the middle of the night. There were gigs in the park where you got your equipment stolen and your ass almost kicked by the Spanish kids.

But everytime we played there were some faces, out there, who were in here, were digging our music. There always was one face. It was summer. We played at the Scene, where people were too hip and speeded up and tight, but there were faces too. The Palm Gardens always had faces and the roof would open up and all those people would open their ears so wide and the electric train went wild.

There was never any bread. So we raised a price, lost the place, the faces. Played at the "World" in Mt. Vernon. I saw faces again. "You from California?" one asked. We sound fresh like that. And it went on. At the Action House we played for the Fallen Angels and they played for us, 'cause no one else came. At the Diplomat sometimes we hit the high old Palm Garden days, but there never are enough people, enough energy; New York is the last to know.

So now I live in Brooklyn with my wife, grow pot in my window and wait for the album to get out. But New York sticks his head over the Brooklyn roofs and that's the only face I see.

FREDDY KNUCKLES
GROUP IMAGE
NEW YORK

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Cream Separation Is Denied

Despite persistent rumors that Cream is about to separate, the English pop newspaper *New Musical Express* reports that the band is scheduling concert tours for the next couple of months. Following their recent American tour Cream went to Australia to headline a show of British blues groups during the month of June. Dates are being set up by the Robert Stigwood Organiza-

tion for a British tour in July. In the past, Cream's performances have occasionally been marked by open conflict on stage, with one member or another sometimes walking off during a number. But as Eric Clapton repeatedly told a *Rolling Stone* interviewer before the group's most recent American tour, "All rumors of a breakup are denied."

Little Willie John Dies in Prison

Authorities at the Washington State Penitentiary in Walla Walla announced last week "Little Willie John," rock and roll singer and composer who once earned \$110,000 a year, died in his sleep at the penitentiary Sunday.

John, 30, was convicted of manslaughter in January of 1965 for the knife slaying in Seattle of Kendall Roundtree after the

two became involved in an argument after John had completed a nightclub date.

The singer was found dead after checking into the prison hospital with a mild case of pneumonia. He was imprisoned May 18, 1966. John was one of the authors of "Fever." He was born at Camden, Ark., and is survived by his widow and two sons in Detroit.

San Francisco Studio Scene Soon

San Francisco the music center is at last on the verge of becoming a recording center as well. One local studio is making the transition to 12-track recording and establishing connections with a New York studio, and Fillmore dance promoter Bill Graham is expanding into recording in his own neighborhood.

Graham had purchased the Geary Temple, an empty synagogue next to the Fillmore, several months ago for his expansion. Clive Davis, president of Columbia Records, is concluding negotiations with him for a lease on the bottom floor to set up two eight-track studios. Columbia will use the studios for San Francisco groups under contract to them and rent time out to other companies and groups who wish to record there. One of the matters under discussion is the possibility of Graham's use of the studios for his own proposed "Fillmore" label. Graham is keeping to himself a fully-intact theater located in the upstairs of the old building. The external appearance of the building will not be modified in any way.

Peter Weston's Pacific High Recording Co. in Sausalito, which has mostly taped demos till now, is about to install the first

12-track recording machine on the West Coast. His new studios, which are being designed to facilitate artist control of recording, will have a Dolby signal-to-noise reduction system, a Moog synthesizer and a 12-inch display oscilloscope for musicians to watch. Steve Miller has already bought ten days of studio time.

Pacific High is doing this by joining forces with Apostolic Studios from New York, the unconventional year-old organization that installed the first 12-track studio in the world. It was at Apostolic that the Mothers recorded *We're Only in It for the Money*, *Lumpy Gravy* and the forthcoming *No Commercial Potential*. Jimi Hendrix and the Grateful Dead both mixed their next albums there as well.

There always have been, of course, recording studios in the San Francisco area (Trident, Sierra Sound, Golden State, Coast and others), which many groups have used to record singles or to mix their albums recorded elsewhere. But none of them have eight-track equipment, many of the studios are small, and all the musicians wish to take advantage of the latest and most advanced equipment, which has heretofore been located elsewhere.

Motown Benefit for Poor Marchers

Motown Records president Berry Gordy cancelled all scheduled appearances of Motown artists recently to put on a benefit performance for the Poor People's March when it passed through Atlanta. Among the more than 13,000 persons who filled the Atlanta Civic Center to see Diana Ross and the Supremes, the Temptations, Stevie Wonder and Gladys Knight and the Pips perform were some 1600 marchers enroute from Mississippi to Washington.

The concert, arranged at the request of Mrs. Martin Luther

King, was a benefit for the Poor People's Campaign and a free show for the marchers, many of whom had never before seen the stars in person.

Hosea Williams of SCLC, who led the marchers, said, "I am sure that many of the marchers whose morale was low continued the trek to Atlanta because of the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to see the top stars."

Gordy took all losses from the cancellations entailed by the concert and flew an eleven-piece Motown orchestra from New York especially for the performance.

King of Soul Visits Africa

James Brown recently flew to the Ivory Coast to perform for the tiny African country's first anniversary celebrations. In the 48 hours he spent there, he gave two concerts and made an hour-long TV special.

The Ivory Coast Ministry of

Radio and Television, who imported the American soul star, put him up in the country's fanciest hotel and built a special grandstand on the grounds for his concerts. James' fame, impressive even at a distance of 7000 miles, drew 3000 fans despite a steep admission price.



STEREO PRESSINGS NO GROOVE, ALTERED MONO ALSO A GYP

—Continued from Page One

financially. And it also has infinite advantages in terms of quality for the consumer. But what has happened is that the great haste to do away with mono altogether has swamped the consumer with inferior product that is a shoddy compromise between mono and stereo in the effort to handle only one line and "compatible stereo" is still the industry's best bet in doing away with mono.

The "compatible stereo" process was first revealed in early 1967, when Mercury Records in Chicago (and their subsidiary labels, Smash, Fontana and Phillips) were pressing all "compatible" product. However they didn't tell anyone, and marketed the compatible pressings in both mono and stereo jackets, with different prices for each, although they in fact the same record. This came out despite their desire to keep it quiet, and one by one the other companies began to follow with announcements that they would soon be pressing all stereo.

A compatible pressing is one in which the cutting angle of the stylus, in making the master acetate, falls in between the different angles for mastering a true stereo or a true mono recording and the master tape is mixed differently, "leaking" sound from both channels into each other so that in playback the finished product sounds much the same either in stereo or mono. While company engineers deny it, the compatible process unavoidably reduces stereo separation and effect and at the same time lacks the singular "punch" of a monophonic recording. It doesn't make it either way.

Some companies are pushing this "compatible stereo" system. Others have adopted a "wait and see" stance and will roll with whichever technique (either "compatible" or true stereo) which doesn't really groove with old monaural equipment, but is real stereo) seems to be the winner.

Broadcasters are also being hurt by these changes, many of them converting to stereo stylus systems on old monophonic equipment, and losing fidelity for on-the-air broadcast.

It is to be hoped that with the passage of time and the virtual elimination of monaural systems in the home, the need for "compatible" pressings will decrease and the industry will press only true stereo.

Meanwhile, there are all the monophonic-only albums to be considered. Until just very recently, most single records were done in mono versions

only, and in most cases stereo tapes were not retained for subsequent album releases. There are also two other kinds of currently existing monaural stock; of course all the recordings done before stereo processes were discovered, and much popular music done in England after stereo had become well-established.

For example, practically all of Donovan's recordings, except his very last, were done in monaural versions. Epic Records released in the "re-processed" versions as stereo. The Rolling Stones, as well, have recorded most of their repertoire in mono only, even as late as *Aftermath*, but again, there are "stereo" pressings of these LP's.

The so-called "re-processed" stereo album first came into vogue five or six years ago, and is becoming increasingly popular in an all-stereo industry. "Re-processing" or "electronic enhancement" involves filtering the highs from one channel and the lows from the other channel to create the illusion of separation. To put it simply, this means taking one good monophonic high-fidelity recording and separating it into two bad low-fidelity channels. Many comparisons of the original monophonic and the "re-processed" stereo have shown that, with the possible exception of re-mastering of old 78's, the original recording is far superior to the re-mix.

Owners of monophonic phonographs may lose one whole channel from a true stereo recording, but they would be getting better sound for their money from a mono record than a "compatible" record. Stereo-set owners lose much from both the re-processed mono and the quasi-stereo "compatible." It's a bum deal all the way around.

The Federal Communications Commission has already stepped in once, to order that "electronically altered" mono be labelled as such, and not as stereo records. Conceivably, they could step in again with regard to these more technical matters and enforce some changes in production, or at the least, some hard facts in dissemination of information about which process we are getting these days.

Meanwhile, the industry's own governing body, the Record Industry Association of America (RIAA), has not yet set any standards for compatible stereo or done much about altered mono recordings. It is greatly to be desired that they will and that the industry will put its own house in order.



STEREO/BN 26386



Donovan In Concert



So Right.



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Dave Mason Rejoins Traffic

Dave Mason has rejoined Traffic. The singer-sitarist-guitarist left the group in a surprising move at the end of last year to concentrate on a solo career as a record producer and singer, but has now rejoined the group he founded with Stevie Winwood, Chris Wood and Jim Capaldi, on a full-time basis.

The reunion took place several weeks ago in New York city where Mason was on a visit in connection with his production activities. He ran into Traffic, was invited back and accepted.

Mason played with the group at a recording session in New York and has now returned with the group to Britain where they are currently completing their next album. Mason has written several of the tracks and it is tentatively set for release in England in late summer.

During his absence—and Winwood had said that he did not expect Dave Mason to rejoin the group—Mason did one solo record (accompanied by Traffic) and produced another single for Traffic.

'Beggars' Banquet' Is New Stones LP

Beggars' Banquet will be the title of the next Rolling Stones album, Mick Jagger announced last week in London. The twelve tracks, which are nearly completed, are all Jagger-Richard compositions, including the already-released "Jumpin' Jack Flash" b/w "Child of the Moon." The album will feature Mick on guitar for the first time on records. Jagger said he hoped the release date of the record would coincide with his birthday, July 26.

The Stones recently went into

the photography studio of David Bailey to do the album cover shots. The cover design will be simple, far different from the complex collages and three-dimensional photo of their last album. The music, too, as "Jumpin' Jack Flash" indicates, will be more in the Stones' usual bag, with little in the way of exotic instrumentation and complex studio effects.

Meanwhile, Brian Jones has been busted for possession of "Indian hemp." He was released until June 11 on £2,000 bail.

New York Park Festival Rescued

New York's Central Park Music Festival, apparently doomed when its original sponsor defected because of a budget cut, is on again, with the Schaefer Beer Company picking up the tab. August Heckscher, NY's Parks Commissioner, noted that he and Ron Delsener, the festival's producer, "were faced with the unpleasant alternative of either doubling the ticket price—which would have made it too expensive for a lot of New Yorkers—or dropping the Festival altogether."

The two-year-old series of concerts, now known as the Schaefer Music Festival in Central Park, will again have a uniform admis-

sion price of \$1.00. Between June 28th and August 24th there will be a concert every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday night. Ali Akbar Khan will also give two concerts on Sundays, one with Indrani.

Among the headliners: Count Basie, Moby Grape, Muddy Waters, Ray Charles, Pete Seeger, Don Ellis, Indrani's Festival of Indian Dance and Music, Ali Akbar Khan, Janis Ian, Vanilla Fudge, Richie Havens, Duke Ellington, B. B. King, the Mothers, Buddy Guy, the Who, Wes Montgomery, Arlo Guthrie, Little Richard, Traffic, Country Joe and the Fish, Judy Collins, and Herbie Mann. Wow!

Donovan Splits With Manager

Donovan has broken with his long-time manager, Ashley Kozak, and is now being co-managed by his father, Donald Leitch, with Vic Lewis of NEMS Enterprises as his booking and business agent. Donovan was discovered and originally managed by composer Geoff Stephens, and Kozak took him over three years ago and had managed him since then.

Donovan said only, "Yes, there is a split, but I'm not prepared to say any more at this stage," to an English paper. Kozak was

unavailable for comment.

The singer's father is remembered on Donovan's last tour as the bald man in a long white robe who introduced Donovan on stage and later hawked souvenir program books after the concert. Kozak earlier said of his association with Donovan (ROLLING STONE, November 23, 1967), "It's been the most beautiful relationship I have ever had." And Donovan had said, "It's been the first one in the music business that's ever been right."

Fleetwood Mac Rolls Into Town

Fleetwood Mac, one of the dominant groups in the current blues scene in England, will appear in America for the first time in June, on record and in person. The feature performer of the group is guitarist Peter Green, who was Eric Clapton's immediate replacement in John Mayall's Blues Breakers.

Fleetwood Mac was formed a little over a year ago by Green (guitar, mouth harp and vocal)

who composes most of the material with Jeremy Spencer (guitar and vocal). Mick Fleetwood (drums) and John McVie (bass) seem to have provided the name. The group's first album *Fleetwood Mac* and single "Black Magic Woman" will be released in June by Epic Records while they shuttle between the Carousel in San Francisco and the Golden Bear and Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles.



Jerry Lee Lewis as Shakespeare's Iago

OTHELLO IN RHYTHM & BLUES: JERRY LEE WITH WILLIE SHAKE

BY DONALD F. ROTH

Towards the end of Shakespeare's *Othello*, Emilia reveals to her husband Iago that someone has been poisoning the Moor's mind against his lily-white lover, Desdemona. Iago replies, "There can be no such man." When my wife asked me if there could be someone who talked Shakespeare, walked Brando, and sang rock, I could only echo Iago's doubts. But I was wrong as Iago was false. There is such a man—Jerry Lee Lewis—who for the last month has been rocking the gray-suited straights of L.A. out of their five-dollar seats in the Music Center, playing the Bard's basest villain like a hip Me-phistopheles.

Many good minds run in the same channel simultaneously. Thus, the hard rock musical play appears in various locales and disguises this year. *Catch My Soul*—Jack Good's rhythm and blues *Othello*—is not even the first rock-Bard to reach the production stage this year; New York can claim the first such attempt with *Your Own Thing*, a sort of Twelfth-Night-on-acid adventure. But *Catch My Soul* goes all the other rock-drama attempts so far one better: Good procured himself one of the true R & B giants-at-large, our man from the Fifties, Jerry Lee Lewis. And Good uses him as the mortar which binds his Elizabethan-electric into a solid, if somewhat cracked, structure.

Good, who conceived, produced, and directed *Catch My Soul*, chose to use only Shakespeare's original words, rather than create an adapted, translated libretto. This meant problems, the first of which lay in the casting. The cast demonstrates this difficulty: who can speak Shakespeare and sing soul? William Marshall (*Othello*), an experienced expounder of Elizabethan verses, despite his outstanding basso voice, is no Smokey. At his best, he shouts like Belafonte, at his worst, he croons like Goulet. Julianne Marie, a compelling, compassionate Desdemona, similarly suffers from a saccharine voice, obviously trained for

the musical comedy stage, that dead end of soul.

On the other hand, Gerrian Raphael, draped in the most micro of minis, socks it to ya with drive worthy of Aretha, but loses Shakespeare somewhere in the process. With such a cast the centrifugal force that flings everyone out on his own tangent could easily have wrecked the show. But as the Coast-ers used to moan: "... and then ... and then ... and THEN ..." Great Balls of Fire, look who came along.

Last we heard, Jerry Lee Lewis had married his thirteen-year-old cousin, which in the uptight atmosphere of the Fifties burst the balloon which had lifted him swiftly to Elvian heights. Unjust indeed! Like Chuck Berry's scrapes with the fuzz, Jerry Lee's December-May (July-February?) romance removed from the rock scene one of its most vital performers. The Stones-Beatle renaissance of the Sixties began by looking to the classics of the Fifties. So one by one, members of the Fifties pantheon re-appear to walk again among us mortals. Mr. J. L. Lewis has materialized as a stockier, older version of the powdered wig wearer we remember. His humor—always there—has ripened into the witty cynicism of one that society has ill used: a William Buckley with soul. And by playing himself perfectly as Iago, Jerry Lee Lewis infuses the breath of life into *Catch My Soul*.

Lewis-as-Iago is less evil than objective, less devil than catalyst for the foibles of the more naive, the more innocent. Stretched out by his gilt piano at the side of the stage, Iago never leaves, always watches, and when necessary gives the action a little goose to keep things going. Why is he there? Where is he at? In Shakespeare's rhyme verse (which fits perfectly with Jerry Lee's rhythmic driving piano blues) Iago socks it to us: he'll see Othello destroyed and Desdemona slain, "not because I lust, but because I must." He is setting things up, just for the pleasure of seeing the fools that mortals

—Continued on Page 22



JOHNNY RIVERS

Wesley Willis

"Realization" by Johnny Rivers available now.

John J. Rock

WELL NOW, DEAR READER (as Tiny Tim would say) I have a lot to tell you, so forthwith into this week's news, rumors, slander, falsehoods, and incredible untruths: The Columbia Rock Machine, as they call it, is having a few problems with its cogs and wheels: USA (the electronic rock group) has broken up, with leader Joseph Byrd taking all the equipment with him. Mike Bloomfield has definitely and finally left the Electric Flag, and will play only one more gig with the group (at the Fillmore East, at Bill Graham's insistence.) Michael had to pay dearly to get out of the Flag. Laura Nyro isn't doing too well in record sales. On the other hand, Simon and Garfunkel have made a most amazing comeback (due primarily to *The Graduate* film) with every single one of their albums in the best-selling charts, and three of them in the top-ten.

MICHAEL BLOOMFIELD and his friends (Al Kooper and Steve Stills) recorded an instrumental LP for Columbia several weeks ago, but no release date has been set yet. The date also included Harvey Brooks on bass and Fast Eddie Hoh on drums. Among the songs they recorded were a 12-minute version of Donovan's "Season of the Witch" and Dylan's "Takes A Lot to Laugh, Takes A Train to Cry." BUDDY MILES, meanwhile, has been going around talking about what he hopes to do in the way of super-groups: himself and Harvey Brooks (both with the Flag) with Eric Clapton and Stevie Winwood. That's a hell of a quartet, but I don't think we'll live to see the day... The Yardbirds, y'all remember them—the group that was left by every top guitarist in England—have decided to finally break-up what's left at the end of their current US tour. Jimmy Paige intends to go into solo recording work and vocalist Keith Relf is considering, as Tiny Tim would also say, "a screen career."... And speaking of Tiny Tim, why isn't Warner Brothers issuing his stuff on 78 RPM records?

HERE'S SOME THINGS TO TELL YOUR UNCLE: Jenny Boyd, George Harrison's sister-in-law, was busted in England a few weeks ago for possession of "indian hemp," right after she was just cleared in court on another drug charge... Frank Zappa is so angry at MGM/Verve over his last few albums that he wants to sell his new label to some other company now. What Zappa now has is three complete LP's in the can, ready for release. He ought to issue them all together, as a three record set (that would be a first). The records include eight minutes of tape from when the cops busted the Mothers in the studios once (and the recorder was left on) and another section when the band was having a huge argument. It's all there.

Life Magazine has a big rock and roll issue coming up at the end of June with the Jefferson Airplane on the cover, and feature stories on seven groups: the Airplane, Jimi Hendrix, the Who, Cream, Big Brother and the Holding Company and Country Joe and the Fish. The photos ought to be really nice (and hopefully much better than their awful pictures of Jim Morrison, in a recent article on that)... The Crackers, Bob Dylan's band, have recorded their own record which will soon be released by Capitol Records. The album, produced by the excellent John Simon, includes Dylan's "I Shall Be Released."

Dylan himself is reportedly anxious to be on the road again, to do a new tour, and appear free at such places as Newport. He and his band are waiting only for an "important decision."

THREE THINGS TO TELL YOUR AUNT: Eric Burdon, talking to an English reporter last week, unintentionally summed up the Maharishi's ultimate meaning in the music business: "After all," Burdon said, "the Maharishi never sung like Ray Charles."... And then, speaking of enlightened followers, Carl Wilson of the Beach Boys was asked by Melody Maker (interviewed from London by phone) what he thought about playing to segregated audiences in places like South Africa, and so on. Beach Boy Wilson said, "As far as segregation is concerned, we're apolitical."... You can't really top that for a thought from a thinking man. But maybe you can, dig this:

The Strawberry Alarm Clock, one of those one-hit Top-40 groups whose only meaning is their meaninglessness, got busted two weeks ago on dope charges in East Peoria, Illinois. Wait—not even East Peoria, in a small town outside of East Peoria. Sensing that a dope bust is a real publicity break, their record company (JUNI) hires a flamboyant lawyer, Melvin Belli, flies in some reporters, and holds a press conference for television cameras, etc. etc. So what does this mean (aside being a real "new style" hype)? It means that if you get busted for dope, you can be co-opted into the establishment! (The final irony is that this group's last LP was titled "Sit with the Guru" with a big drawing of the Maharishi on the cover, and they are actively publicizing their dope arrest, a habit the Maharishi condemns.)

CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER to Capitol Records, for spending money, time patience and planning to bring out two fine records from two San Francisco groups: *Children of the Future* by the Steve Miller Band and a record by the Quicksilver Messenger Service. At a time when we are being inundated with so much crap that tries to come on so hip, including groups from San Francisco as bad as the ones from East Peoria and Boston, these two records are a real pleasure to have and hear.

Meantime, the Miller Band begins recording a new album (in Los Angeles this time) at the beginning of July; the Airplane is in the RCA studios in Los Angeles now for their fourth LP, the Dead's second album comes along on Warner Brothers in the middle of July, Country Joe's third is practically out now, and Big Brother is "coming soon."



'LISTEN TO JOSEPH COTTON: HE SOUNDS LIKE BUTTERFIELD'

BY KEVIN GREENWOOD

Whenever people involved in rock music mention Chicago blues, their thoughts seem immediately to stray to Paul Butterfield. But to really get into the blues you need a master, like the man who served as Butterfield's teacher for two years—James Cotton.

Cotton was a student of the late Sonny Boy Williamson (Rice Miller). "I got it into my head that I was going to play with Sonny—didn't know how or when. I was just going to do it," Cotton recalls. When his parents gave him \$3.00 to go work in the cotton fields, nine-year-old James pocketed it for runaway money and took off for Arkansas to find Sonny Boy.

"I found him all right and then I told him I didn't have any folks so he'd keep me around." Kept around he was, as a member of Sonny Boy's family and as general mascot to Williamson's band. James, of course, learned harp from Sonny Boy and was occasionally permitted to play with the group.

Following his initial "instruction" James worked around Chicago, eventually becoming the harp player with the old Muddy Waters Blues Band. He stayed with Waters and the band (which also included Otis Spann, S. P. Leary and Jimmy Lee Morris) for twelve and a half years. Finally, in the latter half of 1965, James broke loose and formed his own band.

James has his own distinct style on both vocals and harp. "I guess," said James, "I got my sound by playing from the stomach—a lot of wind. You gotta keep the wind in the harp."

Jr. Wells plays more from the throat. That's why he might be gasping for air sometime; but you play from the stomach and you always got plenty of wind... and when you sing you gotta sing what's right for the audience. It depends on how they feelin' to what you put down."

The lead guitarist for the Cotton Band is Luther Tucker (32), a short, wide-eyed bluesman who's been playing since he was about ten. "They used to laugh at his playing," related his wife Gloria. "Why they

said he was so bad, they'd laugh him off the stage."—the fact came out later that "they" were professionals and that at the time, Tucker was eleven. Prior to joining Cotton, Tucker played with such established artists as Howlin' Wolf, Otis Rush, and the late Little Walter Jacobs.

Besides his exemplary guitar playing, Tucker has a fine voice that slides from the smoothness of a Brook Benton tone to the pitch of Tony Williams (of The Platters). He does occasional vocals, generally ballads, and is planning to cut an album sometime in the not too distant future.

Bobby "Soup" Anderson, bass player, was with Jr. Wells and various jazz and blues groups before joining Cotton. He is largely self-taught, noticeable as he picks bass with his index finger. "I just started doing it," he said, "and I guess I just got used to doin' it." Soup admits a heavy affection for jazz and rock 'n' roll, but likes the blues "because it's a real part of music and I guess I dig all types. Gotta vary, you know."

Soup does more vocals than any of the band members, with the exception of Cotton. One of the songs that he and Tucker recently taped was "Sweet Little Angel" (one of R. B. King's first hits and on the new Buddy Guy album, *A Man and The Blues*). One girl who heard it, commented, "The feeling and style put over by Soup (vocal) and Tucker (guitar) were too strong. The only times before that that 'feelin' has hit me was when I've seen B. B. and when Cotton lays it on the audience. They just really surprised me with that cut."

Al Gianguinto, whose influences were Bobby Timmons, Otis Spann and Ray Charles, "who I listened to since I was eight," is the group's pianist. He was a student of Berkeley piano-man Homer Williams and before joining the Cotton ensemble had never played with an organized group. He was, in fact, property of the San Francisco Giants. Al's constant comment to people who want to know what he's thinking is, "Electricity and amplifiers are ruining

—Continued on Page 22

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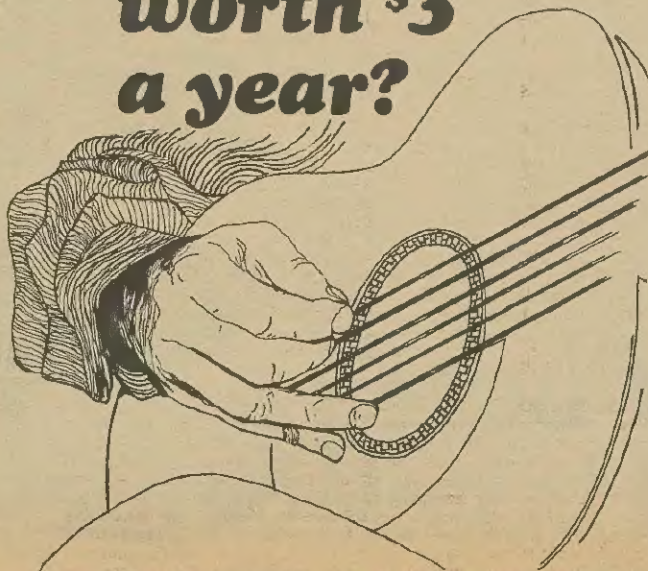
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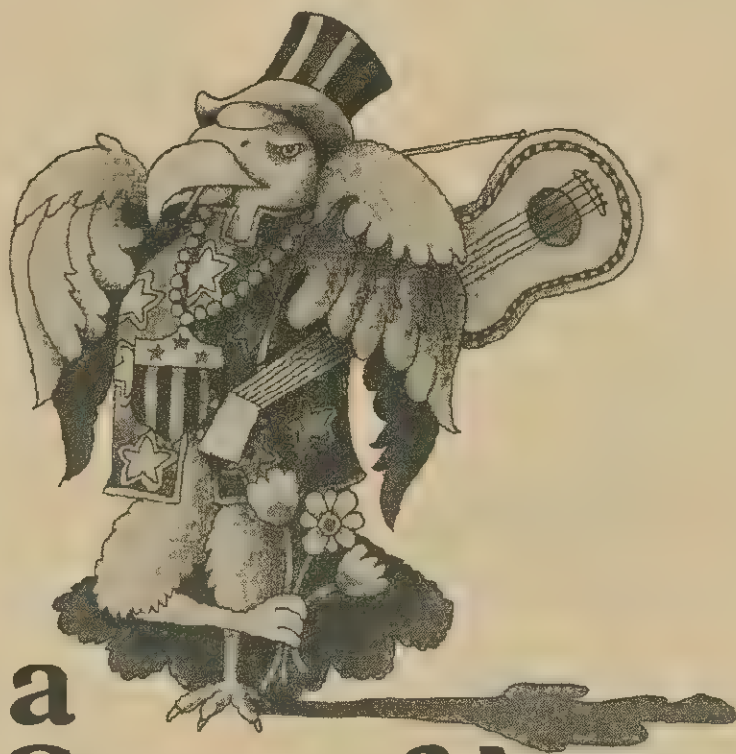
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ARETHA

DAVID GAHE



BY JON LANDAU

The new Aretha Franklin album, *Aretha Now*, to be released at the end of June shows America's most important and popular singer walking a very thin line between progress and regression. The best things, although few in number, are among her best ever; the lesser items show that both she and the entire Atlantic staff are having trouble trying to keep the ball rolling. And even the good stuff doesn't sustain itself over repeated listenings.

For some of Aretha's fans, her first album was her best and each succes-

sive one has decreased in interest. Up until this album, I think that the reverse has been the case. *I Never Loved A Man* was her least refined and, to me, was fairly dull and repetitious. *Aretha Arrives* was a solid improvement, and *Lady Soul* was her very best—in fact, it may well prove to be the best album of the year. On that record Aretha is heard in command of absolutely everything: "Natural Woman" to "Sweet, Sweet Baby"; "Groovin'" to her triumphal "Ain't No Way." She proved herself capable of encompassing a variety of moods, tempos, lyrics, and styles, and yet she remained on top of them all.

There was no slackness and no throw-away cut. Her every nuance was perfectly controlled and executed.

On *Aretha Now* Miss Franklin aims for a second edition of *Lady Soul*. According to Jerry Wexler, it was an easier album to record. It took only five days of studio time. The musicians were as enthusiastic as ever, and presumably, thoroughly cooperative. These sessions were done in precisely the same manner as the earlier ones. The lead vocal and rhythm were laid down together, in the first stage. Then the vocal backgrounds of the Sweet Inspirations were added on the second track.

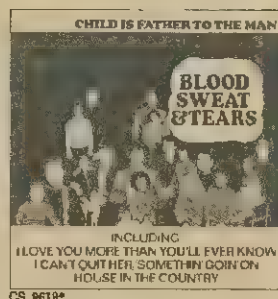
Finally, the horn section added its parts on the last track. This is how Aretha has done her sessions right from the beginning with Atlantic when she cut "I Never Loved A Man" and "Do Right Woman—Do Right Man" in Muscle Shoals, over a year and a half ago.

But the fact that these sessions did go so well may not have been a good sign. Three albums of the same bag were enough. On *Lady Soul* Aretha refined the style just about as far as it can be refined. *Aretha Now* over-saturates us with a statement that cannot stand too much more.

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Underground... Overground.

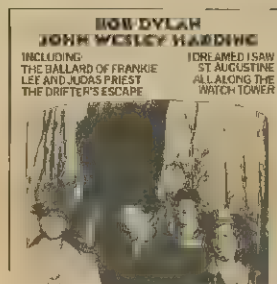
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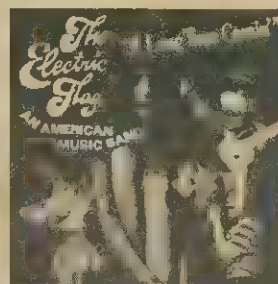
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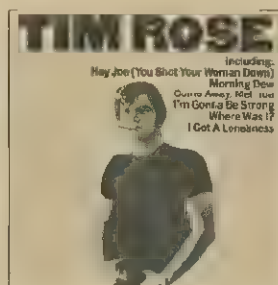
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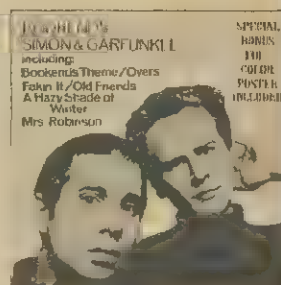
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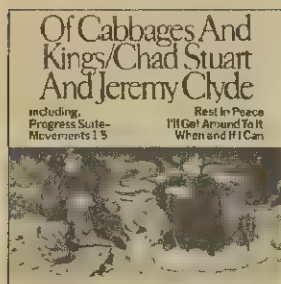
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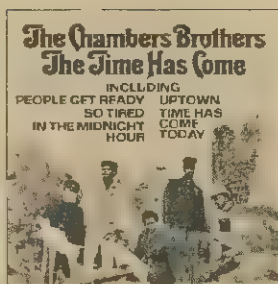
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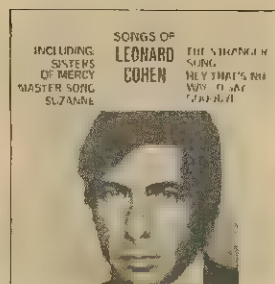
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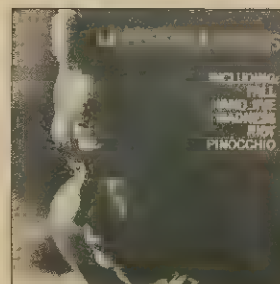
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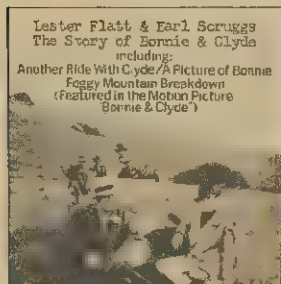
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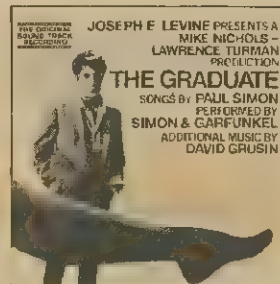
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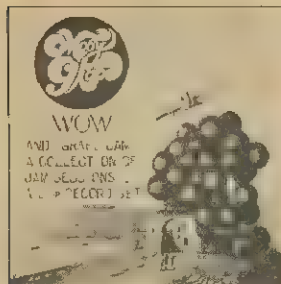
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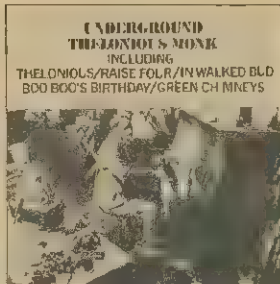
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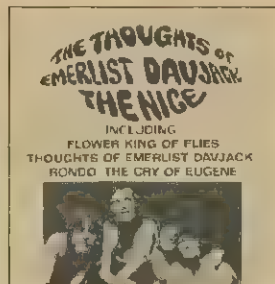
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Continued from Page 11

repetition. Only on some of the ballad material does it push in any new direction. The 2/4 uptempo (like "I Take What I Want") is boring. On much of the album, the musicians sound like they have done it all before. Their enthusiasm just doesn't come across like it did when they socked it to us on "Sweet, Sweet Baby." They haven't grown. Drummer Roger Hawkins, for whom my admiration is well known, is stagnating.

Wexler tried to anticipate some of the problems by cutting down on the size of the rhythm section but that hasn't given the record the tightness he was hoping for. The bass and drum combination isn't as strong with Tommy Cogbill (bassist on all previous sessions) now playing lead guitar and Jerry Jammot playing bass. Not only that, Cogbill, who is among the finest bassists in popular music, is a boring and inconsequential lead guitarist. While he does a fairly good job on some of the slow material ("I Can't See Myself Leaving You") he isn't nearly as good as Bobby Womack playing the same bag on Wilson Pickett's records (like "I'm In Love"). And on the fast cuts he clutters things up with a semi-country style of flat-picking ("Think") which is just nowhere.

There is no question that most of this record would have been improved if it had been recorded in Memphis with an expanded version of the Stax-Volt band, which, along with the Motown studio band, remains the finest soul band in the world.

But enough of these generalities. The following is a detailed commentary on the album's ten cuts. There are also some suggestions on what new directions Aretha might seek to explore in the future.

Think: ties "Chain of Fools" as Aretha's worst single. I was hoping it would bomb, as a deterrent to further such records being released as singles, but Atlantic is confident it will be her sixth million seller. Which is a fantastic achievement for anybody. The song has virtually no melody. The lyrics are trite and banal (Aretha and her husband composed the song.) The vocal is disturbed by Cogbill's super-busy lead. The piano is the best thing on the cut, and is quite nice. Vocally the only good segment is the "Freedom" chorus, primarily because it is sung over a I-III-IV-V progression, which manages to appear once and not be repeated for the rest of the song. The overall frantiness of both song and vocal are grating to this listener and do not achieve the personal level of communication which soul is supposed to be all about.

I Say A Little Prayer: One of the real successes of the album. Wexler heard Aretha fooling around with this one in the studio and it sounded so good he decided to record it on the spot. What Aretha has done with the arrangement is among the most creative things I have ever heard her do. After whipping through the song, she gets into a very kinetic buildup with the chorus doing a very nice job. After several repetitions of the basic melody-lyric line, the ensemble moves very nicely into the chorus again, with a beautiful crescendo. The whole structure of the thing reveals tremendous sensitivity on the part of all concerned. It is just that level of personal communication that is lacking on the opening cut which is utilized so well here. To improve a Bacharach-David-Warwick performance is really an event and it shows that we would all profit if Aretha were willing to spend a little more time with material like this and "Natural Woman."

See Saw is a Don Covay-Steve Cropper song which is given very mediocre treatment here. The vocal is quite good, but the omission of the original harmony from the chorus was foolish, because it is an integral part of the song's identity. Again the lead guitar is inadequate. It is more the feeble sound that Cogbill gets out of his amp that hurts than the ordinary licks he uses. Other than that, the song falls into Aretha's 2/4 drag trap. It just crawls along, despite her best efforts to give it a push with her

voice. The drums don't punch and the bass lacks sock. Tunes like "Money Won't Change You" from *Lady Soul* said the same thing with infinitely more zest and flash.

Night Time is a Ray Charles staple and was recorded at Wexler's suggestion. Of course, Wexler recorded almost all of the Atlantic Ray Charles sides and if that was all he had ever done it would still have been enough to make him one of the major A&R men of the post-war period. Wexler minimizes any contribution he made by saying that when the Genius recorded the only thing anyone ever had to do was turn on the microphones.

Anyway, Wexler obviously loves to see Aretha do an occasional Ray Charles selection and this was intended as pure fun. For the most part it is. The band does some very swinging big band things and the piano is very solid. Still, the trouble with doing Ray Charles is that Aretha is not Ray Charles and she just can't cut it vocally. She's not in his class and that's all there is to it. She proved the same thing when she messed up "Drown In My Own Tears" on an earlier album. I mean, I can enjoy the virtues of this performance. But if after I'm through hearing it I can pull out a record made ten years ago and realize that it is better in every respect, right from the original's opening, wailing sax solo, then I seriously question the wisdom of Aretha trying to do it at all.

You Send Me: Well, if Aretha should stay out of the Ray Charles bag, she should do more in Sam Cooke's. She does wonders with Sam's biggest selling record, and this has to be the best cut on the album. It is simple, straightforward, uncluttered ballad singing at its best. The piano intro is superb, the harmony and horns perfect. I can't imagine the drums, the lyric improvisations, or the entire arrangement being any better. Sam Cooke would have smiled.

You're A Sweet Sweet Man is a Ronnie Shannon song. Ronnie Shannon is Aretha's own discovery and composed two of her best earlier hits: *I Never Loved A Man* and *Baby, I Love You*. While his lyrics here are, as usual, exceptional, the melody lacks direction and the band goes around in circles. Hawkins drum intro could have been better. The best thing about the cut is really the Inspirations singing "Sweets for my sweet, sugar for my honey," in the background.

I Take What I Want is Sam and Dave, and Aretha's version is no match for theirs. Wexler told me that he has tried to get Hayes and Porter (Sam and Dave's writing-production team) to write some new material for Aretha, but most of what they have come up with is of a decidedly inferior quality compared to what they do for their Stax artists. The vocal chorus is contrived on Aretha's version and wholly superfluous. During the break Aretha sings over

just a bass. Sam and Dave do the same bit over the bass and Al Jackson's drums, and it really makes a difference. In fact, for a cut like this, there is no question that Jackson is the man they need.

Hello Sunshine was first recorded by Wilson Pickett on his *I'm In Love* album. The song is a major work and certainly bears re-recording by Aretha. The difference between Cogbill and Jammot as bassists is pointed up here because Cogbill's bass on the earlier version was vastly superior to what Jammot puts down here. Nonetheless, the horns and arrangement in general are overpowering, the vocal superb, and the cut emerges as one of the best Aretha has ever done. The last 45 seconds are particularly gorgeous. Aretha shows real creativity in the way she interacts with the inspirations and the horns at the same time. Cogbill's chord style is also good and the way they have all altered the tail end of the melody is excellent.

A Change is an uptempo piece of very mediocre quality given a very ordinary reading by all concerned. The lead guitar gets in the way again but that's really the least of their problems. Wexler should have shown more discrimination and refused to have let this cut pass.

I Can't See Myself Leaving You is another Ronnie Shannon tune, a very pleasing ballad. The vocal and guitar work together intimately to build the mood and the arrangements complement the development more than adequately. No big pretense, no frenzy, just a highly listenable cut.

Atlantic seems to be not unaware of the fact that all kinds of ugly things can happen if they let Aretha settle in a rut. Consequently they are thinking now of bringing out some different kinds of things in the future. They have already recorded a live album in Europe which should be a real brain buster. And they are considering doing a live gospel album as well, which should be even more exciting. What I would like to see is Atlantic bring out a greatest hit album this summer as kind of a landmark indicating that this phase of Aretha's career is behind her. Such an album would be an immediate million dollar album and could easily be filled with nothing but the best of what Aretha has already done. Then Atlantic ought to consider in just what ways they could help Aretha move beyond the plateau she has already reached. The following are some observations and comments intended to suggest some possible approaches open to them.

The first thing Aretha needs is a song writing team. Every major artist in every different field of pop music relies on one. If an artist doesn't write too much original material he simply must have somebody with whom he can work, capable of furnishing him an album's worth of material several times a year. The

Beatles have themselves, as do most of the white groups, but the soul and pop stars need non-performers most of the time.

Otis was an exception but Sam and Dave rely on Hayes and Porter, Albert King on Booker T. and William Bell, and Dionne Warwick on Bacharach and David. And I needn't add anything about the Motown artists. The reason why Aretha needs to find such people is that it simply will not do for a star of her stature to continue devoting large percentages of her album cuts to dressed-up versions of old soul hits. Of course there are exceptions ("You Send Me") but as a general rule she just can't do her best when she is working with five year old Don Covay material and ten year old Ray Charles numbers.

One way or another, she's got to be able to present the public with something that is fresh and new. There are, I might add, several song writing teams around who might easily fit into Aretha's needs, the most notable being Dan Penn and Spooner Oldham, who have been writing some of the best new soul songs around.

Secondly, Aretha needs a new band. I yield to no one in my appreciation of what the Muscle Shoals group has done for Aretha on her first three albums, but its time for a change. They have had their say, they've played their song, and they have now stopped growing. And when that happens new people have to be found.

Finally, Aretha's full range as a vocalist must be developed. And to do that, the range of her material has to be expanded. Her soft side, her ballad singing, which even now is one of the finest things about her, has to be given more opportunities to make its presence felt.

Atlantic may be a little reluctant because "Natural Woman," despite the fact that both the song and the arrangement were extraordinarily beautiful, was Aretha's poorest selling single, her only one, in fact, which failed to reach a million. But such reluctance must be overcome. Sooner or later people are going to get tired of the one dimension Aretha has settled into and she damned well better have some place to go because if she doesn't she isn't going to last.

This all may seem a little harsh and in a way it's very unfair. Unfair because Aretha didn't expect to become an over-night super-star, and now that she has it is only human that after three albums she is beginning to falter. But she is a superstar and she ought to be treated like one. I for one think she can cut it. Sure, she has limits. She also has talent. More of it than any female vocalist singing rock and roll right now. But because she has so much, it is that much more important that she continue to develop it, that she continue to grow into the beautiful musician she is destined to become.





TINY TIM



PHOTOS BY BARON WOLMAN

BY JERRY HOPKINS

"I'm sorry to say, in all fairness, you'll never be anything."

—Tiny Tim's mother, talking to her son in 1965

"You'll never get anywhere singing in that assy voice."

Tiny Tim's father, same conversation

Last week Tiny Tim sat in a plush Beverly Hills office, remembering what it was like before he became a Super Star.

"My dear, dear mother said, 'Honey, dear, you've had your hair long since 1954, now why don't you cut it off and go out and get work?' I said, 'My dear mother, I'd love to work, but I can't cut my hair because I feel success is just around the corner.'" Tiny turned to those who were gathered in the office and said, "My dear mother had heard me saying this since 1954, and here it was 1965." It was then, he said, his mother told him he wasn't going to make it, and his father so readily agreed.

As he heard his parents offer this prediction, he recalled the limited success he had experienced singing and playing his "dear, sweet" ukelele

in the Fat Black Pussycat Cafe, the Alliance Club and the Page Three in Greenwich Village.

"I went to my room," he said, "and I got down on my knees and said, 'O blessed Lord Jesus, you've seen the situation here with my parents. You've heard the applause and you've seen the celebrities who have come up to me. Am I to cut my hair now, am I to go back to being a messenger boy again?'"

Tiny Tim was in his middle 40s, and he often prayed for help.

"I got off my knees and tried show business again," he said. "I was not given a sign I should quit."

Questions about Tiny Tim's reality, and whether scenes like this one are put-on or truth, have been answered by his recent television appearances. With Rowan and Martin on the "Laugh In" show, and with Johnny Carson, it has become apparent that Tiny Tim is real, that he is, in a sense, a peculiar butterfly . . . like nothing you've ever experienced before, quite odd, but above all, gentle and beautiful.

There is a story he tells about meeting Bob Dylan that contributes to understanding, when Tiny had been called to Woodstock.

"I said, 'Oh, Mr. Dylan, oh what a

thrill it is seeing you. You are a wonderful man and everyone thinks highly of you.'"

"Tell me, Mr. Tim," said Dylan, according to Tiny, "tell me what they are saying about me."

"I told him, 'You are today what Rudy Vallee was in 1928,' and Mr. Dylan asked me what I meant by that."

The next fifteen minutes of the story are musical, as Tiny re-creates the original scene, with dialog, songs and history. He tells "Mr. Dylan"—everyone is addressed "Mister" or "Miss"—how popular "Mr. Vallee" was, how all the women swooned. Then, providing some historical background to Vallee, he introduces other singers from the past—Mr. (Henry) Burr, Mr. (Arthur) Fields, Mr. (Irving) Kaufman and Mr. (Gene) Austin—and accompanies each name with a song. The room is filled with the plinking of Tiny's ukelele (pulled from a battered shopping bag) and a voice that ranges from a rich baritone to a pure falsetto, as the songs and singers demand.

"Some magic charm / Keeps me from harm . . ." he sings, from a Henry Burr hit of 1919 "I've banished all my fears / For I know God hears."

The songs and praise of the creators go on and on, and it must have been a splendid sight to see all this happening in Dylan's spacious home.

Tiny Tim then sings two of "Mr. Dylan's" songs—"Don't Think Twice" and "Like a Rolling Stone"—just as they would have sounded in the 30's if Vallee had sung them, and finishes his song cycle and long, long answer to Dylan's question by singing one of Vallee's old hits, "My Time Is Your Time," using Dylan's voice. The performance is truly incredible.

"Then Mr. Dylan looked at me," Tiny said, "and he said, 'Do you want a banana.'"

Bob Dylan had met Tiny Tim. Tiny thinks Mr. Dylan is wonderful and this was his way of saying so. Tiny oohs and ahhs and laughs deeply when he tells this story. He thinks it amusing, even Dylan's remark at the end.

Tiny is one of those gentle souls, seemingly impervious to personal assault and professional failure, even if he said there were times when "I had to keep pumping positive thinking into myself." It did not bother him, he said, when he was called "Alice" at hockey games and people shouted, "Get that witch out of here!" Nor did it seem to bother him when



he spent so many years knocking on doors.

"I started on the tenth floor," he said of the Brill Building, home of Tin Pan Alley, "and worked my way down to the first." Then, in a litting, sing-song voice, "At each office I'd say, 'Helloooo, my friends. In my hand here is a Number One hit, which I wrote. Is anyone listening?'"

Other times, he said, he'd push his head through agency doors and say, "Any TV commercials today?" Always he left a photograph — first the little pictures you get four-for-a-quarter in amusement park booths, then wallet size photos he'd had made up by answering an ad in a magazine. "I kept telling myself, 'I can see success just around the corner. It's coming, it's coming!'"

"When things were really bad I sang at amateur nights. Night after night in the '50s I traveled all over New York City. The promoter had 10 acts and the winner each night would get five dollars, second place would get three dollars and third place would get two dollars. He always put the best acts on last so the people wouldn't walk out, and the worst acts went on first. He always put me on first. I guess I was doing something wrong. I said to myself 'It sounds good to my ear, but not to

theirs.' So I switched my songs around, just like in baseball you change the batting order. It didn't seem to help much."

Although he occasionally found employment for a few weeks at a time in the Village, it wasn't until Steve Paul gave him \$50 a week for performing at the Scene seven nights a week (in 1965), that his career began to go bumping along.

In the year that followed he appeared on television with Merv Griffin, traveled to Los Angeles to join several old friends in a short-lived cabaret theatre, and contributed 10 minutes of fun to Peter Yarrow and Barry Feinstein's film, *You Are What You Eat*.

Warner Bros. Records "discovered" him in 1967, while looking at another act, and the rest — as they say in all those banal biographies — is history. Today Tiny's album *God Bless Tiny Tim* is selling at the rate of 30,000 a week and one Warner exec claims Tiny grossed only \$2,500 last year, but will gross about half a million this

"I can't believe all this is happening," Tiny said. "It's wonderful!" Tiny's one regret in life seems to be that he doesn't get to see enough of the Dodgers and a Canadian hockey

team in action. "I never had the money," he said, "and I don't really have the money now, either. It's all going to pay expenses. Do you realize it cost me \$80 for cosmetics. My, what an awful lot of money that is!"

Tiny did get to a Dodgers game recently, though — finding himself featured prominently on sports pages all over the country, in one city sharing the headline with the Dodgers.

"I always love the smell of a bat and a glove, or a hockey puck in the winter time," he said. "Everything I do is according to baseball . . . and I picked the Toronto Maple Leaf team because the name is just like Nature."

Tiny is proud he has been asked by the Dodgers to participate in an upcoming celebrity game. "I can't hit, run or catch . . . or bat," he said. "Maybe they'll let me be the manager for an inning or two."

When Tiny began to prove his parents wrong, and found a publicist and a personal manager on his payroll, he was asked if he'd like to write his own publicity bio. This is, in part, what he wrote:

"I always bring my little ukelele along in my shopping bag which my dear, sweet father bought me. After

all, you just never know when a song might come along.

"I don't think I'm turning back the clock by doing these old tunes. I love rock and roll and popular music. It's just that the spirits of the singers whose songs I do are living within me. That's why the songs come out in the voices of the original singers. I'm not doing imitations. That's the way they sound inside me.

"Really, there are three main reasons why I sing. The first is to give thanks to God for the gift he gave me. Number two is to cheer people whether they are young or old, with a song of the past or present. And number three, and perhaps above all, is because of all the lovely women who with their beauty cause my heart to overflow with joy."

The biography is Tiny himself

Everything you hear about Tiny Tim, and everything you read, and everything Tiny himself says, and how he says it, comes together. That peculiar butterfly is formed — a butterfly with strange, long black hair and an incredible nose and teeth, white Elizabeth Arden makeup; a butterfly that clumps about in a man's body, holding a ratty shopping bag and talking about baseball, singing in Mr. Vallee's voice.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

BY BOB MCCLAY

"It's God! It's God!"

The young man in the audience screamed, leapt from his seat in the Los Angeles theatre and plunged through the sweeping Cinerama screen. Such was one reaction to one of the most incredible movies of this year, Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clark's *2001: A Space Odyssey*. The film, three years in the making and done with visual techniques still kept in secrecy, can only be described as a real "chromosome jerker."

On the surface it would seem like a "science fiction" film, but it is not. The corny techniques, visible strings and gimmickery, the melodrama and bad acting associated with the "science fiction" mold are all absent here. And what was "science fiction" twenty years ago is non-fiction today, and it is no more fiction than it is science, a silly categorization that does not apply to 2001.

"While the film was being made," said author Arthur C. Clark, "I made the comment that MGM is making the first \$10,000,000 religious movie, only they don't know it yet." Clark is the author of many well known novels and it was the ideas from several of his earlier short stories ("The Sentinel" and "Childhood's End") that were the basis for 2001. He co-authored the screenplay with director Kubrick, whose last effort was *Dr. Strangelove*.

As well as the stunning metaphysical story which takes place in the film, the sub-plots, the many miniature movies-within-the-movie and other usual filmic ingredients, there is the absolutely stunning and colossal physical technique which created not only "zero-gravity" centrifuges in which much of the action takes place (characters seem to be weightless and Kubrick simply won't reveal how he did this) but also there is the "light-show" which is without question the best "psyche-

delic," or "total-environment" or "mixed media" display ever assembled, far and away outdistancing ballroom lightshows and any kind of special effects seen in any previous films. These techniques include specially filmed kaleidoscopic effects, reverse-dye color negatives, liquid light projections, slow motion photography, what might be programmed light patterns and other effects designed to represent an exploding nebula and the expanding mind.

2001 begins four million years ago, at the dawn of the age of man. Apes are shown living together in packs, eating raw vegetation and meat from fallen animals. They fight as groups for territory and establish the humanoid pattern.

One primeval morning, the premen discover a huge metal monolith in their midst. They are afraid at first, daring to come ever closer to it, finally touching and stroking it. The purpose and meaning of the monolith is unclear (except insofar as that it appears to have been placed there from some other time or place.) Shortly thereafter one of the apes picks up a bone from an animal long dead and begins to slowly swing the bone back and forth. In his mind, the idea of weaponry is formulated, mankind has "begun" and in a split-second flash the bone-club he has hurled into the air, slowly spinning, becomes a space station slowly orbiting the earth.

The prologue—the first movement in a four part symphony, if you like—has ended. The final movement awaits, and in the middle is the story told and filmed, with deliberate realism that makes those final moments not a realistic drama, but dramatic reality.

"This film," says Clark, "is about reality, about the way things are on this planet. It is culturally shocking that we are perhaps very low on the ladder of intelligence. This is part of the movie's meanings. There are

people who will not face this."

The entrance of a Pan-Am rocket from earth into the space station opens the second part of the movie. Two things are accomplished here: the plot begins and Kubrick begins establishing a meticulous reality in detail. He has such touches as the Pan-Am rocket, the Hilton Space Station, the Howard Johnson Earthlight Room, the RCA Whirlpool Liquipack dispenser, a Zero-Gravity Toilet ("Read Instructions carefully"). Kubrick extends this to using as a musical theme the "Blue Danube Waltz," at first rather trite, but then purpose-serving in its reminder of the commonplace.

Dr. Haywood Floyd steps off the PanAm rocket on his way to the moon for a secret government mission. He runs into some Russian scientists, who ask him what his purpose is (they suspect a plague at the USA's Clavius Moon Base which has been sealed off from all visitors for weeks.) What is in fact happening is that the plague rumor is a cover story for the discovery of an object on the moon about which the scientists are baffled: a rectangular metal monolith. The same object (but perhaps not the same one) from the pre-historic scenes.

The scientist arrives on the moon, gives a security talk to the government personnel stationed there, and heads for the crater where the object has been erected. As he and his colleagues explore the object, looking at it and touching it, like the apes, the sun passes directly overhead and the monolith emits a piercing radio signal toward the planet Jupiter.

The second movement has ended, the first parallel of meaning has been set.

The story, however, is not as trite as it appears in the telling. It is fully the equal of the cinematic effects, for what we have is a slowly constructed, almost ploddingly created

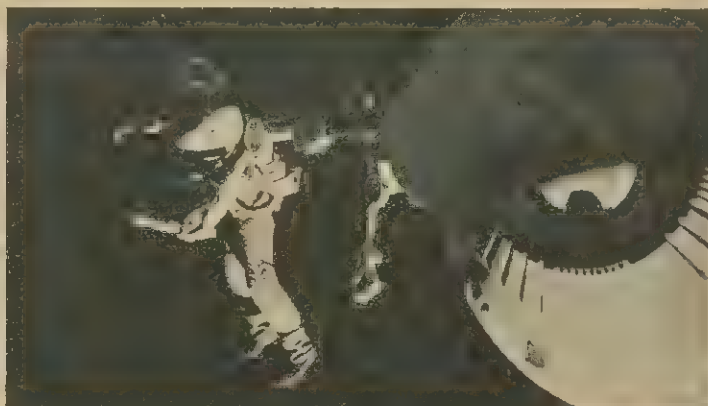
reality being built, only waiting for the closing scenes where a complete reversal is carried off, one which seems to be the only logical conclusion to all the previous contradictory material.

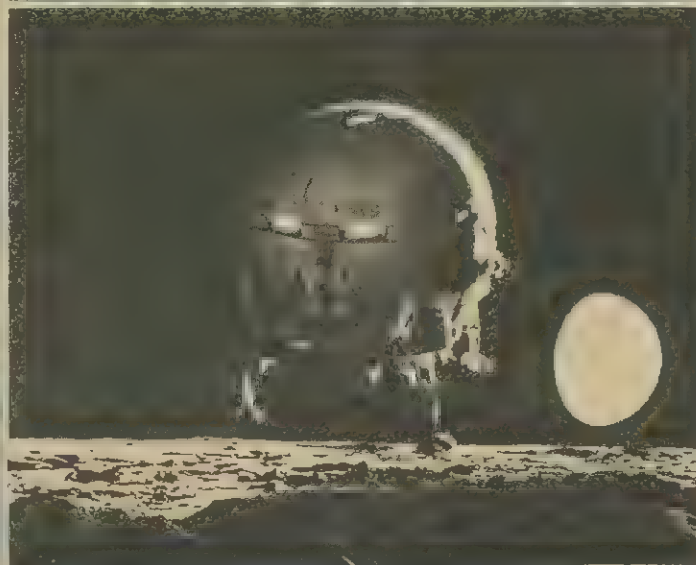
The third place of the film is seen 18 months later in the "Jupiter Mission." A 700-foot spacecraft, *Discovery*, is headed towards Jupiter to find out whatever can be known about the monolith and the radio signal. The spaceship is being run by two astronauts (Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood), with three scientists in suspended animation to be unfrozen when they arrive on Jupiter, and a computer named Hal 9000.

Hal 9000, which Clark says is what a computer will really be like in the year 2001, is the only one who knows the real purpose of the mission. He reasons, thinks, speaks, has a personality (maybe even gay) and has the real control of the mission. What develops in this portion is that the computer and the astronauts have a fight over control of the spaceship, with the computer killing all but Astronaut Dullea, who finally disconnects Hal 9000 and learns the purpose of the mission.

The finale is told without dialogue, as the spaceship approaches Jupiter and discovers another monolith in orbit around that planet with his moons. As Dullea approaches the object to investigate, his ship and mind leave his control. Dullea enters another dimension or another time, he ages, dies, is reborn, sees himself at other times and ages, and places, and finally loses his physical self altogether. Another evolution has been completed.

This last scene is by far the one of genuine brilliance. Here is where we see that probing the secrets of the universe means dealing with the mystery of life. And it is here where a young man leaped from his theatre seat and jumped through the screen screaming "It's God! It's God!"





RECORDS:



The Papas and the Mamas, Mamas and Papas (Dunhill DS 50031)

First was the abortive recording session last summer and the rumors that the Mamas and the Papas were splitting up. Then came the announcement that they were not splitting but touring Europe to escape bad vibrations and recoup creative energies. *The Papas and the Mamas/ Presented by the Mamas and the Papas* is the inheritor both of the abortive session and the European tour. A meager heritage at first glance, but one made rich by mature vocal stylings and the best material Papa John has yet written.

Gone is the strident excitement of their first album. Its absence is to be lamented, but the richer harmonies of the present album are more substantial, and the cuts are more of a joy to listen to repeatedly. Gone are the sometime histrionic "California Dreamin'" and "String Man." Gone, too, are the *yeah's* and *no's*. In their place is a more controlled performance: they no longer have to reach for effects; they have them at hand.

The demands of the recording industry have always been at odds with the creative instinct of all but the most commercial groups and individual writers. Original voices are always echoed commercially without

a concomitant development of the possibilities of their ideas. And amid the clamor of imitators the original voice is forced to explore new ideas without sounding the depths of the others. This is why second albums are usually disappointments: they are too often tangential. The second Mamas and Papas album was disappointing for this reason. John Phillips has always seemed to have a great deal more to say than he has said, and his ideas have never gotten their full development. They do in this album. The songs are a further development, in style and feeling, of the earlier songs, though they have little in common with the earlier material except craftsmanship.

"Twelve Thirty," the last recording of the self-proclaimed "Golden Era," is included here, its more classical lines almost lost amid the vocal opulence that abounds. It's probably the best realized song the group has recorded, though John's "Safe in My Garden" has strong claim to that distinction. "Garden" is a beautiful thing, the clarity of the lyric and the Beardsleyian imagery of the refrain forming a tension with the effortlessly complex vocal textures. "Mansions" and "Too Late" are much the same thing, but the marvelously intricate vocal treatment of the latter rises above the easily forgotten lyrics.

This is also the problem with "Rooms" and Lou Adler and John's "Meditation Mama": the lyrics are not memorable. John and Denny's "For the Love of Ivy" is the title tune from the Sidney Poitier movie, and in that genre is competent and not much more. "Gemini Child" is seriously marred by its lack of strong direction and its muddled conception. It is easily the album's weakest cut. "Midnight Voyage" is a delight. At its end is a brief reprise Cass gives a reading.

"Dream a Little Dream with Me" is Cass's obligatory solo. It's beautiful. But then what more can you say about someone you love?

JIM WARD



Quicksilver Messenger Service (Capitol ST 2903)

Quicksilver's initial and long-awaited excursion into the primordial clear light of San Francisco isn't quite what was expected, due to the production staff headed by the Electric Flag's Nick Gravenites and Harvey Brooks. The Quicksilver Messenger Service don't sound quite the same since they've heard the Flag and Mike Bloomfield, late arrivals on the San Francisco scene. As a result, most of the album cuts (only six altogether) come across sounding like the Electric Flag, minus their blues-loyal predication and Buddy Miles, doing straight rock.

An exception to the general tone of the album is Quicksilver's interpretation of folk-rock (remember?) singer Hamilton (Bob) Camp's "Pride of Man." This is an unusual number for them to have done, but it's really a better version than Camp's original. Another rock group, Clear Light, started off their album with a folk-oriented cut, Tom Paxton's "Mr. Blue," which they butchered unmercifully. Not so this version of "Pride," which the Quicksilver carry off admirably. The song itself has some surprisingly profound lyrics: "Oh God/Pride of man/Broken in the dust again."

The first inkling of the Flag influence is evident on "Light Your Windows," which is spaced by some obvious Bloomfieldian guitar breaks. John Cipollina is an excellent guitar-

ist and his susceptibility to Bloomfield's techniques is understandable, and, since he plays so well, readily acceptable.

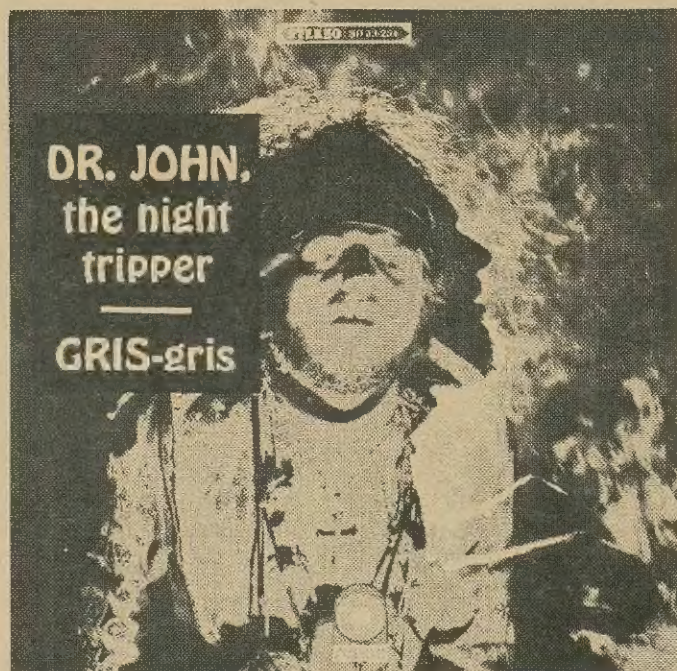
The guitar on "Dino's Song" wanders in and out of a Kaukonen, Garcia and Bloomfield-like garden of sounds, supporting a strong vocal of simple but intensely reflective lyrics endeavoring to explain that "All I ever wanted to do was know you/And maybe hope you could know me too."

"Gold And Silver" is (whether intended or not) a rock arrangement of Dave Brubeck's "Take Five." Cipollina's guitar excursions are singularly evocative of Paul Desmond's sax changes. They manage to get away from the "Take Five" theme a bit by going into some Vanilla Fudgish, sluggish tempo drags which develop into a takeoff reminiscent of the Flag's "Another Country," even adding some fluttery, tinkly sounds a la Country Joe & the Fish.

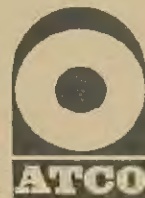
Gravenites' composition, "It's Been Too Long," is done in typical Flag style. The vocal is as close a duplication of Gravenites' singing as it could possibly be. It's a great piece, though, from its raw, Albert King intro, to a campy "whoa whoa whoa" Dion imitation and old 50's R&R fade out.

"The Fool" takes up most of Side Two but, unfortunately, not very justifiably. It starts out carefully, waiting for the guitar to move out, spaced by some beautiful bass runs which cut into some hard-rock movements only to be lost in a series of impotent semi-buildups. Some very handsome guitar phrasing sneaks through but whatever good it does winds up buried halfway through the track. It digresses into some disappointing, ineffable routines, including a guitar-growing sequence, followed by a Claptonesque wah-wah pedal ritual. But with the addition of the vocal it picks up somewhat—the words are intoned in a middle-eastern, Hebrew cantor-like quaver. It closes out with some Yardbird "Still I'm Sad" de-censions, culminating in an organ-

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anchored Bach-Procol Harum denouement.

It's inevitable that a group will absorb a certain measure of influence from other bands—and the Quicksilver Messenger Service has emerged on record as a composite of influence, from their overbearing Flag-derived arrangements to a number of other easily identifiable characteristics. But, incredibly, their formula works. They have a good, even, remarkably honest sound. There's a much finer record debut than the Grateful Dead's. The only problem seems to be a lack of original direction, something that will be impossible to locate anywhere but in their own individual musical sense.

BARRY GIFFORD



Joni Mitchell, Joni Mitchell (Release 6293)

Here is Joni Mitchell. A penny-yellow blonde with a vanilla voice. Influenced, or appearing influenced, by Judy Collins, gingham, leather, lace. Producer David Crosby (the ex-Hyrd), Robert Herrick, North Battleford (Saskatchewan), New York (New York), Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, Chuck, seagulls, dolphins, taxicabs, Dairy Queen floats, someone named Mr. Kratzman "who taught me to love words," the Lovin' Spoonful, rain, sunlight, garbage, mermaids and herself.

To folk music followers, Joni Mitchell is no stranger. Her songs

have been recorded recently by Judy Collins, Tom Rush, Jan and Sylvia, Buffy Sainte Marie, Dave Van Ronk and others. Now she sings her songs herself. Some of her better known numbers ("Circle Game," "Both Sides Now," "Urge for Going") have been omitted in favor of new material, but after hearing it you know she's been saving some of her best for herself.

The Joni Mitchell album, despite a few momentary weaknesses, is an good debut. Her lyrics are striking. Her tunes are unusual. Her voice is clear and natural.

Miss Mitchell is a lyrical kitchen poet. "Michael brings you to park/He sings and it's dark, /When the clouds come by, /Yellow slicker's up on swings /Like puppets on strings /Hanging in the sky..."

Joni Mitchell is Leonard Cohen's Suzanne: she shows you where to look among the garbage and the flowers.

Joni Mitchell leaps from image to image but seldom leaves you hanging. Occasionally her lyrics seem to lose relevance and become frosting without any cake, but then then, she's like a sand dune: you like the idea of her.

Joni's tunes are surprising. You don't go whistling then down the street right away because you don't learn them so easily. Her notes do not flow into each other naturally; they are put there one by one as the song is constructed. This method may not produce consistency, but it does produce flashes of brilliance, and sometimes these occur so regularly that a higher consistency is achieved. Listen a while to the lilting chorus of "Night in the City" or the gentle verses to "Marcie" and you may find yourself whistling them after all.

One of the major new departures of this album may at first appear atavistic. Joni Mitchell uses no orchestration. She plays acoustic guitar. Her only side-man is Stephen Stills (of the Buffalo Springfield) on one number ("Night in the City") be-

cause, she says, "he came up with a beautiful bass line that I just couldn't deny." Her main studio trick is to dub in her voice a second time as a choral answer on certain songs.

"If I'd recorded a year ago," as Joni tells it, "I would have used lots of orchestration. No one would have let me put out an acoustic album. They would have said it's like having a whole paintbox and using only brown. But today is a better time to be recording. It's like in fashion. There's no real style right now. You find who you are and you dress accordingly. In music today I feel that I can put down my songs with an acoustic guitar and forget the violins and not feel that I need them."

In contrast to the narrative verses and repetitive choruses that mark traditional music, there is in Joni Mitchell's work a full sense of composed music and written words. Had she added "lots of orchestration," the whole structure might have buckled under its own weight. As it is, the album serves as a reminder that music and voices and imagination are more vital than arrangements with orchestration. If nothing else, the album is good for the soul.

LES BLACK



Judy in Disguise With Glasses, John Fred and His Playboy Band (Paula LPS 2197)

John Fred, for those who manage never to listen to AM radio, is a kid from Louisiana who sold two-and-a-half million copies of a single called "Judy in Disguise (With Glasses)." The radio is the center of your life when you're driving a lot—in the old days, many producers used to play their produce through a car radio speaker to make sure they had it right—and "Judy in Disguise" soon distinguished itself as a great car song.

It had the simple melody and the heavy beat, but it was good music over and above that—the instrumental work was very tight, the arrangement original with several good gimmicks (a heavy breath for punctuation and a short filter-distort at the close), and the lyrics, well, strange, not what is called rock poetry but not "yummyyummyyummy igolove-inmytummy" either. Furthermore, it sounded like John Fred and His Playboy Band had a fine time making the record.

One does not expect a good album from a John Fred. Even the Box Tops, a Top 40 group that has never released a second-rate single, make terrible albums, and the Tommy Jameses are much worse.

On the cover of this album in its original release was a corny picture of the band. On the back were pictures of John's two previous LPs—John has been a star in Louisiana for a long time—and some acknowledgments ("Sitar Furnished By—Kenny Gill Music, Baton Rouge, La.") But it is a great record.

The album is now entitled *Judy in Disguise* and has a not-bad cartoon on the cover. Paula, which hadn't wanted to release "Judy" as a single because it was a little, well, er, far out, decided to play the freak for what it was worth. But the album didn't sell much. All those singles sales were to the 12-year-old market. And in a couple of years, chances are that John Fred will be back in the South paying dances, or maybe in the administrative end of the music business.

Like many white singers from the South (Alex Chilton of the Box Tops, for instance), John Fred's bag is pop R&B. He is tuned to Memphis and to white singers like Eric Burdon and Stevie Winwood, the Eric and

Stevie of "When I Was Young" and "Gimme Some Lovin'." And just like them, he has ambitions. Obviously, he and his collaborator, sax player Andrew Bernard, listened carefully to the Beatles and decided to do some studio stuff of their own. Similar decisions have produced a lot of bad music in the past year.

But stuck down there in Shreveport, Fred and Bernard were principally entertainers who wanted to fool around a little. So when they use crowd noises in "Achenall Riot" they integrate them cleanly into the music. They write obscure lyrics but link them to things known and seen, so that "Agnes English," a Top Ten record in places like Dallas that reached 70 or so nationally, is obviously about a whorehouse. They employ a sitar and a girl chorus and part of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra but (out of pure caution, probably) never overdo it. Those three songs are the "experimental" ones. All were written by Fred and Bernard, who also contributed two more conventional songs (including an exceedingly catchy boogie-woogie called "Up and Down," which should have been the follow-up and wasn't) and an arresting talk thing called "Sad Story." There is one song by Bernard and other group members (I suspect Bernard is the musical talent of the organization) and five by outsiders. The only one that doesn't work is "Out of Left Field," mostly because it's hard to redo Percy Sledge. Fred and Bernard produced the whole record.

Judy in Disguise is energetic, intelligent and refreshing. It is reminiscent in spirit of the Hollies, who in albums like *Evolution* combine first-rate musicianship with an utter disdain for the lugubrious. The Airplane and Stones have succumbed to excesses, but Fred and Bernard do not. Of course, they had much less to work with—the lyrics are high-pop in quality, and while the music is precise and well-realized, it is not brilliant. (The band is exceptionally tight live, but Fred is not a good performer, and his choice of material is unfortunate—he does other people's songs because he believes his young audiences won't recognize his own.)

But for anyone who caught himself liking "Judy" or has a prejudice for happy music, the album is a worthwhile gamble. Just tell your friendly neighborhood record dealer to write Paula Records, 728 Texas Street, Shreveport, Louisiana. He'll get it eventually.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU



The Mighty Quinn, Manfred Mann (Mercury SR 61168)

After a long absence Manfred Mann has returned, considerably changed and considerably better than formerly, with "The Mighty Quinn" and an album of the same name. Their former lead singer has embarked on a solo career which includes the leading role in the movie *Privilege*, his replacement, Michael d'Abo, is really an excellent choice. The other personnel change occurred when Jack Bruce left for good vibrations in the Cream and was replaced by Klaus Voorman (who is the artist responsible for the covers of *Revolver* and *The Bee Gees* 1st).

With these key changes, Manfred Mann has so completely altered their sound as to make them a "new" group; their past records bear very little relation to this one. The vocals are somewhat less emphasized but, on the other hand, they engage in no lengthy solos. The guitar is never even in the forefront, it is used as a rhythm instrument; by way of

—Continued on next page



LINDA EASTMAN



John Lennon and Paul McCartney at their New York press conference

Records:

—Continued from Page 19
contrast the drums are much more noticeable and complicated than is usual in rock. Klaus Voorman's bass provides additional rhythm support and background for Manfred's creative organ playing. In general the instruments and vocals blend quite well, when the material is up to it, and there are no great ego displays.

Manfred Mann works far better with outside material than with their own original material. This is the primary problem of the album, eight of the eleven songs are written by groupmembers and are junk. They are hackneyed, trite, and pretentious. Being a good musician does in no way qualify a person to be a good songwriter; the two often coincide in one person but not by any means always. The terrible original material is not even improved by outstanding performances; they really don't try with it, they seem to lack confidence in their own material. Why do they even use it?

The album is only saved by three genuine masterpieces, "The Mighty Quinn," a Dylan song, is one of these and shows just why Dylan likes Manfred Mann doing his songs. So good. The real highlight is "Ha Ha Said The Clown," a quite mad, driving song that just won't let go. The vocal is especially noteworthy and rather unusual. D'Abbo has a peculiar but pleasant way of pronouncing his consonants that is very present in "Clown," "Semi-Detached Suburban Mr. James," the last of the non-originals, is as good as its title. Like "Quinn" and "Clown," "Mr. James" is unique and perfectly suited to Manfred Mann.

Manfred Mann is a group which can really make it in a big way if it goes about it right but at the present so much of their energies and sheer talent is concentrated on third rate songs. Something quite a few groups are enmeshed in.

JAMES POMEROY

James Cotton:

—Continued from Page 8
music. They really distort the beauty of it."

Francis Clay, drum designer and artist, is a 34-year veteran of the business and handles drumming chores for the band. Most of Clay's experience was with jazz and big bands up to eleven years ago when he went to work for Muddy Waters. "They needed a drummer for seven days," related Clay. "My band wasn't working so I told him I'd sit in. I ended up staying four and a half years."

Clay plays two bass drums and a specially built 8-inch timbala in addition to his snare and three tom-toms. He fits jazz and blues styles into the music the band is doing. He is extremely fast on the skins, but not noisy as is common with "fast" drummers. Clay is the only member of the band who has not been with it since the beginning, two and a half

years ago (he replaced Sam Lay).

"The band has enough material," said road manager Gordon Kennerly, "that they could do a week of shows without repeating a song if they wanted to." Speaking of Cotton himself, Tucker added, "Cotton has probably forgotten more blues than most of us will ever know. He knows so many songs. Like sometimes a song will pop into his head that he hasn't heard or done for ten years. Then we'll do it. Or there are other songs that we just occasionally do. He'll just throw them into a show."

If there is any one problem with the Cotton Band on either the playing or listening end, it may be due to the fact that Cotton has done many of the same songs for two and a half years—note for note, beat for beat.

You can just get really wrapped up in each song because they're so professional and well arranged; but if you play "Don't Start Me Talkin'," "The Creeper," "Off the Wall," "Sweet Sixteen" and "Oh Why," the music may begin to get to you.

With both Sonny Boy Williamson and Little Walter Jacobs now dead, Cotton ranks as the foremost blues-harpist, though he would never admit to such praise. All you hear from Cotton is praise of other blues artists from Charlie Patton on down to Mike Bloomfield.

James recently taped his version of "Don't Start Me Talkin'" for the Steve Allen show in Hollywood. The man who had tutored Butterfield was still in the studio when a young technician ran out and exclaimed to a friend, "You should hear Joseph Cotton. He sounds just like Paul Butterfield!"

Jerry Lee Lewis:

—Continued from Page 6
be fall right in with his plans and deceptions. At his piano, Iago becomes the ringmaster who makes the noble and the beautiful, the ambitious and the lustful, jump through his flaming hoops. He wants only one thing—action: "Action, action, give me some action now," is Iago's refrain as his puppet move inevitably towards their doom.

By using Lewis in this Iago-singingmaster fashion, Jack Good makes *Catch My Soul* work in a play-within-a-play framework. Thus, the stage contains its own audience and its own sub-stage as well. From a series of balconies, rock musicians and go-go girls observe and musically comment upon the action on that small stage below. In a real sense, *Catch My Soul* is not a rhythm and blues *Othello*, but rather *Othello* with a rhythm and blues commentary (with J. L. Lewis as chief commentator and sometimes participant).

Because the actors are so good at Shakespeare, and because the commentators are so good at rock and roll music, the show clicks.

The side-men (unfortunately not given individual credit on the program) would make Berry Gordy or Phil Spector envious. Guitarists, rhythm men and brass, a minstrel-

like violinist, and snare-drum team, and the swinging Blossoms, to a man perform marvelously. And the dramatic performers already mentioned, as well as William Jordan (Cassio), William Lantieu (Roderigo) and several others, form a cast worthy of the straightest of straight Shakespeare troupes.

If *Catch My Soul* accurately indicates the future, Jack Good and Jerry Lee Lewis with a little help from their friends have launched the first serious offensive by rock upon the sham that is the American "musical" theatre. Even the parallel work of a "serious" composer (*West Side Story*), by working within the moribund structure of the Broadway production, lacked the vitality that infuses the less "professional" more alive newer work. The rock scene has what the musical theatre has lacked for so many years; excitement. *Catch My Soul* is a happening; incense wafts into the audience, multi-colored silk screens flow and fly as flickering lights create the trip-like state of *Othello's* confused psyche. What Good and Ray Pohlman (the play's composer) have done in L.A. can be done again and even better. The flowering of the rock musical drama may be the next stage of the renaissance of electronic music.

Correspondence:

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SIRS:

I'm fed up to here with snide comments about New York featured in most ROLLING STONES, especially in Gleason's things (he deserves to live forever in San Francisco). New York may not have any good groups, but it does have thousands of groovy people who love music and going to concerts. The biggest fallacy is that N.Y. is down on West Coast groups. I suppose that is why the Doors, the Airplane and Big Brother sold out the Fillmore East (at ridiculously high prices).

The New York audience is exploited by a bunch of entrepreneurs, charging \$5 per set, who are interested in greasing their own pockets. The scene has to suffer from that.

WILLA SOLOMAN
BRONX, N.Y.

SIRS:

Two things I feel it necessary to comment on to appease my conscience.

The first is Wenner's insinuation that half the hippie-freebie movement is created by the mass media. I think the media have both hurt and helped and beautified and spread the image—let it be known that like minds are awakening. However, I agree completely with his analysis of Jerry Rubin's Yippies as half-baked politicians.

Secondly is a protest on the new interpretations of Dylan's John Wesley Harding. Wenner, like many, as-

sumes that Dylan went to country and that was that. But can't he see the obvious religious-thought themes running through the album? Take a look at the jacket commentary written by Dylan—three kings and such. How about song titles like "I Dreamt I Saw St. Augustine" and "The Ballad of Frankie Lee & Judas Priest?" Peter Berman said at first he was surprised at the "nothingness" of the album until he started looking for a pattern and found it—John Wesley Harding, "the man who never made a foolish move"; Jewah is a secret name for God and the added "g" is interesting. Also the Drifter seems to represent Christ. And then there is that elusive song "All Along the Watch Tower." Certainly not everything is along the serious line but I think the idea is worth considering. The jacket notes and cover photograph are enough to mystify.

SCOTT S. SMITH
TEMPLE CITY, CALIF.

SIRS:

I was very upset by the article by Ralph Gleason putting down Mike Bloomfield and also the reply to that article by Nick Gravenites. They seem both to be missing the whole point. I am enclosing a piece of paper with something beautiful on it. It helps me very much. It was given to me by a friend and I believe it was printed in San Francisco. If you get a chance, please pass it on to one of them. Also, I would like to add that I enjoy reading your paper very much. Music is life.

JONATHAN TAKAMI
NEW YORK CITY

DESIDERATA

Go placidly amid the noise and haste, & remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story.

Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass.

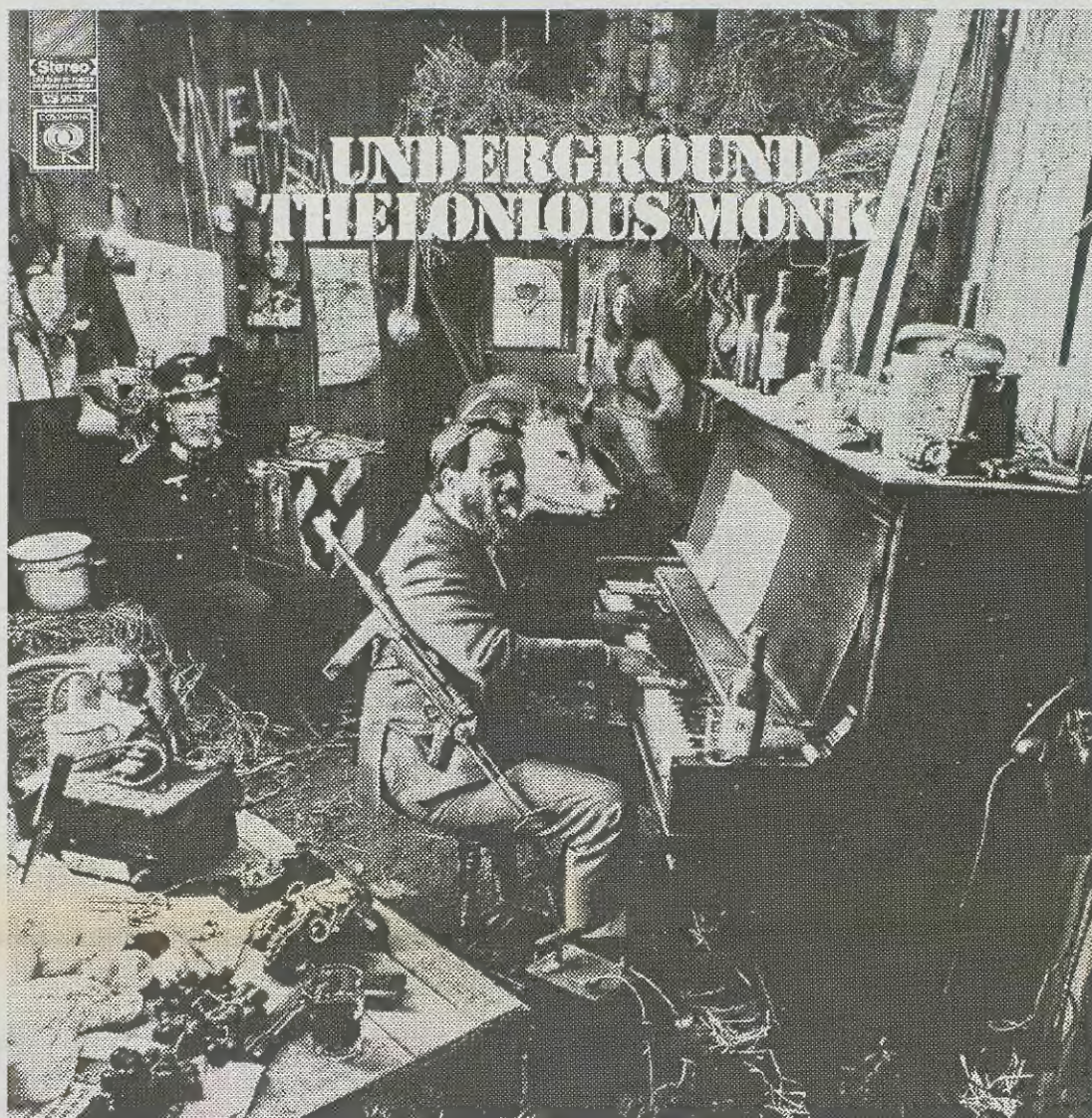
Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul.

With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.
(Found in old Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore; dated 1892.)

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CS 9632*

The Monk Runs Deep (or Thelonious Revealed)


A man's a genius for just looking like himself. So he should play like himself.

And the underground genius is no exception. He's a motionless beard. A foot flapping wildly like a blacksmith at a cranky forge. Fingers picking out unpredictable chords of Monkish exercises in horizontal creativity. Monk's original, professional and non-imitable. His new album, "UNDERGROUND," explodes on the scene revealing all the

total talent and genius he has to offer.

Two beautiful cuts from the album are "Raise Four" and "In Walked Bud." But most of the compositions are new and never before heard on a Monk album.

Columbia has also provided an out-of-sight cover photo. It's the one you see above. Dig it?

If you haven't been turned on to Monk yet, "Underground" will make you a fan for life. on Columbia Records 

*Stereo. Also available in 4-track and 8-track stereo tape cartridges